

of three pronouns and the present tense of a single verb, thus: "I love, you love, we love." When they folded their pinions and alighted on *terra firma* once more, the band was playing "Just one Girl," and the loud report of the 9.30 gun nearly caused Aline to fall into the river, from which catastrophe, however, Carleton's restraining arm saved her. "I wish everyone could be as happy as we are," he said presently. "Do you think your cousin cares for Clifford?"

"No, she does not indeed," answered Aline.

"Well, dear, as I am going to be her cousin too, I have a right to take an interest in her affairs, and I am very glad, for do you know I have fancied he cares a good deal more for her money than for herself."

"Her money," repeated Aline.

"Yes, he found out in some way that she was an heiress, and though I know he admires her greatly, I think the money weighed down the scale."

Aline was silent, revolving things in her mind, and gaining a hazy perception of the whole chain of events, though some links she could not connect then.

"Well," she remarked at last, "Mr. Clifford is not likely to get the money, or Edith either, for she is engaged to Hugh Graham, whom you met to-night. They were to have been married last year, but her brother was killed at Santiago, so the wedding was postponed, and in the winter Hugh had such a severe illness that the doctors thought he would never be strong again. Her parents have been much opposed to the marriage on that account, and Edith was so worried that we persuaded her to come away with us at the last minute. However, Hugh is quite well now, and will soon claim her, I expect."

"I must congratulate him, he is getting an awfully nice girl," said Carleton, adding fondly, "and I am glad you are not an heiress, dear."

"What would you have done if I had been?" said Aline, looking curiously at the strong dimly-visible profile close to her, and laying her hand on the rough coat sleeve. "I suppose you would have stood on your dignity, and actually jilted me," and she laughed happily.

"Well, I'm afraid I should not have had the courage to give you up, if we were once engaged, but nothing would have induced me to propose to a girl with a fortune," he returned, and stood up, gravely lifting his hat, as the strains of "God Save the Queen" floated up to them once more. And as the anthem died away, these two came down from the height, and a little later Mrs. Fortescue was affectionately clasping Carleton's hand, and Edith was whispering teasing remarks in Aline's ear, while old Mr. Stanton hovered round and demanded a kiss from his god-son's betrothed.

Into the midst of this group suddenly came Clifford, who had been searching for Aline on the Terrace. One glance at Carleton convinced him the game was up, and he would have beaten a hasty retreat, but Aline caught sight of him, and intentionally intercepted him. She had generously refrained as yet from telling Carleton of Clifford's conduct. She wanted to settle her own score with him.

"Won't you wish me happiness, Mr. Clifford," she said prettily; "I am an engaged young lady."

"Indeed, allow me to offer my best wishes," said he stiffly, continuing to draw back, for

he was sure Carleton must know all, and he was rather a coward. But Aline had another word or two to say to him.

"And do you know it is quite a joke," she went on sweetly. "Mr. Sinclair seems to be under the impression that Edith has a fortune, and that I am a pauper. I wonder what he will say when he finds out his mistake."

"Are you then the heiress?" said Clifford, in a stifled tone.

"Why, yes, of course. There seems to have been a mistake all round. I am sorry I don't look my part better."

"You may be sure Sinclair knew it all the time," said Clifford, savagely.

"Oh, no, he didn't, for even *you*, Mr. Clifford, thought it was Edith, did you not? Carleton don't know yet, for I shall not let auntie tell him till to-morrow. And what made you *forget* to tell me about his sprained ankle the other day? Your mind must have been occupied by some great idea to let it escape your memory, especially when I asked you how he was."

Firing a random shot, which she saw made him wince, she was about to say good-evening, but he detained her.

"But—but—" he gasped, helplessly, "the name—your name isn't Edith!"

"What has that to do with it? However, my name is Edith—my second name; but no one ever calls me that, except, indeed, my aunt's friend, Mr. Willing."

Light broke in upon Clifford's floundering intellect. He saw at last how he had deceived himself from start to finish, when a few enquiries would have made everything plain at once. Under his breath he said "D—n!" with which monosyllable he made his exit, and therewith disappears from the narrative.

It is always a little sad to leave a place where one has had a pleasant visit. We wonder if we shall ever come back again, and under what circumstances. We think of the spots we should like to have seen once more, of the things we meant to have done, and of the unexpected that has happened since we came. In Aline's case no unhappy incidents marred the memory of her summer trip. Looking back upon it, she could scarcely realize she was the girl who, three short months ago, had seen the dock of Quebec looming up in the distance. She was already coming to regard it as her future home, and looking forward to her return as a happy bride. And as she caught the last glimpse of Carleton's tall figure on the station platform, and gently caressed the new ring on her finger, she felt glad she was not saying "farewell," but "Aufwiederschen." Then the train, steaming swiftly along, bore them out of sight of the gray old "Sentinel City," ever keeping faithful watch and ward at the eastern outpost of the vast Dominion.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
Like the rocks that round them throng."

THE END.

The Largest Wedding in the World.

THE largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began, says an exchange took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties

possible, he decreed a wedding festival. You could never guess how many people he ordered to be married. Alexander was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius, 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and 10,000 of his soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,202 people married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were one hundred gorgeous chambers for the hundred bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude. A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places.

Do not imagine that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple, the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example.

Biscuit Crumbs from Windsor.

MISS EMILY SARTAIN, the daughter of the late John Sartain, artist, and herself the head of the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia, tells a little incident of a visit to Queen Victoria.

Miss Sartain was a member of the International Council of Women, and they were invited to meet the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Queen met them in the driveway. The women were lined up on either side of the road, and the carriage of Queen Victoria passed slowly through the line, the Queen bowing to right and left. After the royal carriage passed out of the gate the Countess of Aberdeen invited the women, in the Queen's name, into Windsor Castle to have tea. Long tables were spread in St. George's Gallery, with biscuits, fruit and fancy cakes, and hot tea was served.

Miss Sartain remembered her aunt, who was living with her in Philadelphia, but who was born before the English Queen, and had gone to school at Windsor. So she decided to put one of the little English biscuits into her pocket, and send it to her aunt in America.

She slipped the little wafer into the pocket of her skirt, and hurried, with a friend, to catch a train for London—then down sat Miss Sartain on the biscuit, never once thinking of such a thing as a back pocket and its contents.

Not till midnight did she remember the biscuit, then diving into her pocket, she found nothing but crumbs!

Miss Sartain gathered the crumbs together, wrapped them in tissue paper, and mailed them to America. And the aunt swallowed them loyally and said, "God Save the Queen!"